

THE NOBLE
SOVLDIER.

OR,

A CONTRACT
BROKEN, JUSTLY
REVENG'D.

A TRAGEDY.

Written by S. Rowley.

*Non est, Lex Iustior Ulla,
Quam Nescis Artifices, Arte perire Sua.*



LONDON:

Printed for Nicholas Vavasour, and are to be
sold at his shop in the Temple, neere the
Church. 1634.

THE NORTH

AMERICAN

CONTRACT

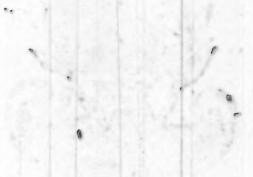
AND

REVENUE

OF THE

UNITED STATES

OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA



1860


Printed for the District of Columbia, and sold by

John A. Smith, at the Office of the

Comptroller of the District



The PRINTER *to the*
READER.

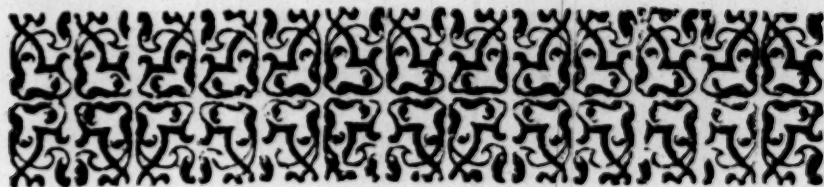
nderstanding Reader, I present
this to your view, which has re-
ceived applause in Action. The
Poet might conceive a com-
pleat satisfaction upon the Stages approba-
tion : But the Printer rests not there, know-
ing that that which was acted and appro-
ved upon the Stage, might bee no lesse ac-
ceptable in Print. It is now communicated
to you whose leisure and knowledge ad-
mits of reading and reason : Your Iudge-
ment now this *Posthumus* assures himselve
will well attest his predecessors endeavours
to give content to men of the ablest quali-
ty, such as intelligent readers are here con-
ceived to be. I could have troubled you
with a longer Epistle, but I feare to stay
A 3 you

The Printer to the Reader.

you from the booke, which affords better words and matter than I can. So the work modestly depending in the skale of your Iudgement, the Printer for his part craves your pardon, hoping by his promptnesse to doe you greater service, as conveniency shall enable him to give you more or better testimony of his entirenesse towards you.

℞ ℞

Drammaticus



Drammatis Personæ.

King of Spaine.
Cardinall.

Duke of Medina.

Marquesse *Denia*.

Alba.

Roderigo.

Valasco.

Lopez

Queene,

Onelia,

Sebastian

Malateste

Baltazar

A Poet.

Cockadillio

A Fryer.

} Dons of Spayne.

A Florentine.

Neece to *Medina*, the Contrasted Lady.

Her Sonne.

A Florentine.

The Souldier.

A foolish Countier.

T H E


THE



THE NOBLE SPANISH SOVLDIER:

Actus Priuus. Scena Prima.

Enter in Magnificent state, to the sound of lowd musicke, the King and Queene, as from Church, attended by the Cardinall, Count Malateste, Dania, Roderigo, Valasco, Alba, Carlo, and some waiting Ladies. The King and Queene with Courtly Complements salute and part; she with one halfe attending her: King, Cardinall, and th'other halfe stay, the King seeming angry and desirous to be rid of them too. --- King, Cardinall, Dania, &c.

K.  I've us what no man here is master of,
(Breath) leave us pray, my father Cardinall
Can by the Physicke of Philosophy
et al agen in order. Leave us, pray. *exeunt*
Car. How is it with you, sir?

Kin. As with a Shippe
Now beat with stormes, now safe, the stormes are vanisht,
And having you my Pylot, I not onely
See shore, but harbour; I, to you will open

B

The

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

The booke of a blacke sinne, deepe-printed in me :
Oh father ! my disease lyes in my soule.

Card. The old wound, Sir ?

Kin. Yes that, it festers inward :

For though I have a beauty to my bed
That even Creation envies at, as wanting
Stuffe to make such another, yet on her pillow
I lye by her, but an Adulterer,
And she as an Adulteresse, Shee's my Queene
And wife, yet but my strumpet, tho the Church
Set on the seale of Mariage ; good *Ovalia*,
Neece to our Lord high Constable of Spaine,
Was precontracted mine.

Card. Yet when I stung
Your Conscience with remembrance of the Act,
Your eares were deafe to counsell.

Kin. I confesse it.

Car. Now to unty the knot with your new Queene
Would shake your Crowne halfe from your head.

Kin. Even Troy
(Tho she hath wept her eyes out) wud find teares
To wayle my kingdomes ruines.

Car. What will you doe then ?

Kin. She has that Contract written, seal'd by you,
And other Churchmen (witnesses untoo't)
A kingdom should be given for that paper.

Card. I wud not, for what lyes beneath the Moone,
Be made a wicked Engine to breake in pieces
That holy Contract.

Kin. 'Tis my soules ayme to tye it
Vpon a faster knot.

Car. I doe not see
How you can with safe conscience get it from her.

Kin. Oh ! I know
I wraastle with a Lyonesse : to imprison her,
And force her too't, I dare not : death ! what King
Did ever say I dare not ? I must have it :

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

A Bastard have I by her, and that Cocke
Will have (I feare) sharpe spurres, if he crow after
Him that trod for him : something must be done
Both to the Henne and Chicken ; haste you therefore
To sad *Onalia*, tell her I'me resolv'd
To give my new Hawke bells, and let her flye ;
My *Queene* I'me weary of, and her will marry :
To this our Text adde you what glosse you please,
The secret drifts of Kings are depthlesse Seas. *Exeunt.*

*A Table set out cover'd with blacke : two waxen Tapers : the
Kings Picture at one end, a Crucifix at the other, Onalia
walking discontentedly weeping to the Crucifix, her Mayd
with her, to them Cornego.*

Song,

Quest. Oh sorrow, sorrow, say where dost thou dwell ?

Answ. In the lowest roome of Hell.

Quest. Art thou borne of Humane Race ?

Answ. No, no, I have a furier face.

Quest. Art thou in City, Towne or Court ?

Answ. I to every place resort.

Quest. Oh why into the world is sorrow sent ?

Answ. Men afflicted, best repent.

Quest. What dost thou feed on ?

Answ. Broken sleepe.

Quest. What tak'st thou pleasure in ?

Answ. To weepe,

To sigh, to sob, to pine, to groane,

To wring my hands, to sit alone.

Quest. Oh when ? oh when shall sorrow quiet have ?

Answ. Never, never, never, never,

Never till she finds a Grave.

Enter Cornego.

Corn. No lesson, Madam, but *Lacrymae's* ? if you had buried nine husbands, so much water as you might squeeze out of an Onyon had beene teares enow to cast away upon fellows that cannot thanke you, come be Ioviall.

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

One. Sorrow becomes me best.

Corn. A suit of laugh and lye downe would weare better.

One. What should I doe to be merry, *Cornego*?

Corn. Be not sad.

One. But what's the best mirth in the world?

Corn. Marry this, to see much, say little, doe little, get little, spend little, and want nothing.

One. Oh but there is a mirth beyond all these:

This Picture has so vex'd me, I'me halfe mad,

To spite it therefore I'll sing any song

Thy selfe shalt tune; say then what mirth is best?

Corn. Why then, *Madam*, what I knocke out now is the very *Maribone* of mirth, and this it is.

One. Say on.

Corn. The best mirth for a Lawyer is to have fooles to his Clients: for Citizens, to have Noblemen pay their debts: for Taylors to have store of Sattin brought in, for then how little soere their houses are, they'll bee sure to have large yards: the best mirth for bawds is to have fresh handsome whores, and for whores to have rich guls come aboard their pinnaces, for then they are sure to build Gally-Asles.

One. These to such soules are mirth, but to mine none:
Away.

Exit.

Enter Cardinall.

Car. Peace to you, Lady.

One. I will not sinne so much as hope for peace,
And tis a mocke ill suits your gravity.

Car. I come to knit the nerves of your lost strength,
To build your ruines up, to set you free
From this your voluntary banishment,
And give new being to your murthered fame.

One. What *Aesculapius* can doe this?

Car. The King -- tis from the King I come;

One. A name I hate;

Oh I am deafe now to your Embassie.

Car. Heare what I speake.

One.

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

One. Your language breath'd from him
Is death's sad doome upon a wretch condemn'd.

Car. Is it such poyson?

One. Yes, and were you christall,
What the King fills you with, wud make you breake:
You should (my Lord) be like these robes you weare,
(Pure as the Dye) and like that reverend shape;
Nurse thoughts as full of honour, zeale, and purity;
You should be the Court-Diall, and direct
The King with constant motion, be ever beating
(Like to Clocke-Hammers) on his Iron heart
To make it sound cleere, and to feele remorse
You should unlocke his soule, wake his dead conscience,
Which like a drowsie Centinell gives leave
For sinnes vast army to beleaguer him;
His ruines will be ask'd for at your hands.

Car. I have rais'd up a scaffolding to save
Both him and you from falling, doe but heare me.

One. Be dumbe for ever.

Car. Let your feares thus dye:
By all the sacred relliques of the Church,
And by my holy Orders, what I minister
Is even the spirit of health.

One. I'll drinke it downe into my soule at once.

Car. You shall.

One. But I weare.

Car. What Conjurations can more bind mine oath?

One. But did you I weare in earnest?

Car. Come, you trifle.

One. No marvell, for my hopes have bin so drown'd,
I still despaire: Say on.

Car. The King repents.

One. Pray that agen, my Lord.

Car. The King repents.

One. His wrongs to me?

Car. His wrongs to you: the sense
Of sinne has pierc'd his soule.

The Noble Spanishe Souldier:

One. Blest penitence!

Car. 'Has turnd his joyes into his leprous bosome,
And like a King vowes execution
On all his traiterous passions.

One. God-like Iustice!

Car. Intends in person presently to begge
Forgivenesse for his Acts of heaven and you.

One. Heaven pardon him, I shall.

Car. Will marry you.

One. Vnh! marry me? will he turne Bigamist?
When, when?

Car. Before the morrow Sunne hath rode
Halfe his dayes journey; will send home his *Queene*
As one that stains his bed, and can produce
Nothing but bastard Issue to his Crowne:
Why how now? lost in wonder and amazement?

One. I am so stor'd with joy that I can now
Strongly weare out more yeares of misery
Then I have liv'd.

Enter King.

Car. You need not: here's the King.

Kin. Leave us.

Exit Card.

One. With pardon, Sir, I will prevent you,
And charge upon you first. *Kin.* 'Tis granted, doe:
But stay, what meane these Embleames of distresse?
My Picture so defac'd 'oppos'd against
A holy Crosse! roome hung in blacke 'and you
Drest like chiefe Mourner at a Funerall?

One. Looke backe upon your guilt (deare Sir) and then
The cause that now seemes strange, explaines it selfe:
This, and the Image of my living wrongs
Is still confronted by me to beget
Griefe like my shame, whose length may outlive Time:
This Crosse, the object of my wounded soule,
To which I pray to keepe me from despaire;
That ever as the sight of one throwes up
Mountaines of sorrowes on my accursed head:

Turning

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Turning to that, Mercy may checke despair,
And bind my hands from willfull violence.

Kin. But who hath plaid the Tyrant with me thus?
And with such dangerous spite abus'd my picture?

One. The guilt of that layes claime, Sir, to your selfe,
For being by you ransack'd of all my fame,
Rob'd of mine honour, and deare chastity,
Made by you act the shame of all my house,
The hate of good men, and the scorn of bad,
The song of Broome-men, and the murdering vulgar,
And left alone to beare up all these ills
By you began, my brest was fill'd with fire,
And wrap'd in just disdain, and like a woman
On that dumb picture wreak'd I my passions.

Kin. And wish'd it had beene I.

One. Pardon me, Sir,
My wrongs were great, and my revenge swell'd high.

Kin. I will descend, and cease to be a King,
To leave my judging part, freely confessing
Thou canst not give thy wrongs too ill a name.
And here to make thy apprehension full,
And seat thy reason in a sound beleefe,
I vow to morrow (e're the rising Sunne
Begin his journey) with all Ceremonies
Due to the Church, to seale our nuptials,
To prive thy sonne with full consent of State,
Spaines heire Apparant, borne in wedlocke vowes.

One. And will you sweare to this?

Kin. By this I sweare.

One. Oh you have sworne false oathes upon that booke.

Kin. Why then by this.

One. Take heed you print it deeply:
How for your Concubine (Bride I cannot say)
She stains your bed with blacke Adultery:
And though her fame masks in a fairer shape
Then mine to the worlds eye, yet (King) you know
Mine honour is lesse strumpetted than hers,

How

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

How-ever butcher'd in opinion.

Kin. This way for her, the Contract which thou hast
By best advice of all our Cardinals,
To day shall be enlarg'd, till it be made
Past all dissolving : then to our Counsell-Table
Shall she be call'd, that read aloud, she told
The Church commands her quicke returne for *Florence*,
With such a dower as *Spaine* received with her,
And that they will not hazard heavens dire curse
To yeeld to a match unlawfull, which shall taint
The issue of the King with Bastardy :
This done, in state Majesticke come you forth
(Our new crown'd Queene) in sight of all our Peeres :
Are you resolv'd ?

One. To doubt of this were Treason,
Because the King has sworne it.

Kin. And will keepe it :
Deliver up the Contract then, that I
May make this day end with thy misery.

One. Here, as the dearest Iewell of my fame,
Lock'd I this parchment from all viewing eyes,
This your Indenture held alone the life
Of my suppos'd dead honour ; yet (behold)
Into your hands I redeliver it.
Oh keepe it, Sir, as you should keepe that vow,
To which (being sign'd by heaven) even Angels bowe.

Kin. Tis in the Lions paw, and who dares snatch it ?
Now to your Beads and Crucifix agen.

One. Defend me heaven !

Kin. Pray there may come Embassadors from *France*,
Their followers are good Customers.

One. Save me from madnesse !

Kin. 'Twill raise the price, being the Kings Mistris.

One. You doe but counterfeit to mocke my joyes.

Kin. Away bold strumpet.

One. Are there eyes in heaven to see this ?

Kin. Call and try, here's a whores curse,

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

To fall in that beleefe which her sinnes nurse.

Exit.

Enter Cornego.

Cor. How now? what quarter of the Moone has she cut out now? my Lord puts me into a wise office, to be a mad womans keeper: why madam!

One. Ha! where is the King, thou slave?

Cor. Let go your hold, or I'll fall upon you as I am a man.

One. Thou treacherous caitiffe, where's the King?

Cor. Hee's gone, but not so farre gone as you are.

One. Cracke all in sunder, oh you Battlements,
And grind me into powder.

Cor. What powder? come, what powder? when did you ever see a woman grinded into powder? I am sure some of your sex powder men and pepper 'em too.

One. Is there a vengeance
Yet lacking to my ruine? let it fall,
Now let it fall upon me?

Cor. No, there has too much false upon you already.

One. Thou villaine, leave thy hold, I'll follow him:
Like a rais'd ghost I'll haunt him, breake his sleepe,
Fright him as hee's embracing his new Leman,
Till want of rest bids him runne mad and dye,
For making oathes Bawds to his perjury.

Cor. Pray be more season'd, if he made any Bawds he did ill, for there is enough of that flye-blowne flesh already.

One. I'me now left naked quite:
All's gone, all, all.

Cor. No Madam, not all, for you cannot be rid of mee:
Here comes your Vncle.

Enter Medina.

One. Attir'd in robes of vengeance, Are you, Vncle?

Med. More horrors yet?

One. Twas never full till now;
And in this torrent all my hopes lye drown'd.

Med. Instruct me in the cause.

One. The King, the Contract!

Exit.

Cor. There's cud enough for you to chew upon.

Exit.

Med.

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Med. What's this? a riddle? how? the King, the Contract!
The mischief I divine, which proving true,
Shall kindle fires in Spaine to melt his Crowne
Even from his head: here's the decree of Fate,
A blacke deed must a blacke deed expiate.

Exit.

Actus Secundus, Scena Prima.

Enter Baltazar slighted by Dons.

Bal. **T**Hou god of good Apparell, what strange fellowes
Are bound to doe thee honour? Mercers books
Shew mens devotions to thee; heaven cannot hold
A Saint so stately: Doe not my Dons know me
Because I'me poore in clothes? stood my beaten Taylor
Playting my rich hose, my silke stocking-man
Drawing upon my Lordships Courtly calfe
Payres of Imbroydred things, whose golden clockes
Strike deeper to the faithfull shop-keepers heart
Than into mine to pay him. --- Had my Barbour
Perfum'd my louzy thatch here, and poak'd out
Me Tuskes more stiffe than are a Cats muschatoes,
These pide-wing'd Butterflies had knowne me then:
Another flye-boat! save thee, Illustrious Don.

Enter Don Roderigo.

Sir is the King at leisure to speake Spanish
With a poore Sculdier?

Ro. No.

Exit.

Bal. No, sirrah, you, no!

You Don with th'oaker face, I wish to ha thee
But on a Breach, stifling with smoke and fire,
And for thy No, but whiffing Gunpowder
Out of an Iron pipe, I woe'd but aske thee
If thou wood'st on, and if thou didst cry No,
Thou shudst read Canon-Law, I'de make thee roare,

And

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

And weare cut-beaten-sattyn ; I woo'd pay thee
Though thou payst not thy Mercer : meece Spanish Tennets,

Enter Cockadillio.

Signeor is the King at leisure ?

Cock. To doe what ?

Balt. To heare a Souldier speake.

Cock. I am no eare-picker
To found his hearing that way.

Bal. Are you of Court, Sir ?

Cock. Yes, the Kings Barber.

Bal. That's his eare-picker : your name, I pray.

Cock. Don Cockadillio :

If, Souldier, thou hast suits to begge at Court,
I shall descend so low as to betray
Thy paper to the hand Royall.

Bal. I begge, you whorson muscod ! my petition
Is written on my bosome in red wounds.

Cock. I am no Barbar-Surgeon.

Exit.

Bal. You yellow hammer, why shaver :
That such poore things as these, onely made up
Of Taylors shreds and Merchants silken rags,
And Pothecary drugs to lend their breath
Sophisticated smells, when their ranke guts
Stinke worse than cowards in the heat of battaile ;
Such whalebond-doulet-rascals, that owe more
To Landresses and Sempsters for laced Linnen
Then all their race from their great grand-father
To this their reigne, in clothes were ever worth :
These excrements of Silke-wormes ! oh that such flies
Doe buzze about the beames of Majesty !
Like earwigs, tickling a Kings yeelding eare
With that Court-Organ (Flattery) when a souldier
Must not come neere the Court gates twenty score,
But stand for want of clothes, (tho he win Townes)
Amongst the Almesbasket-men ! his best reward
Being icorn'd to be a fellow to the blacke gard :
Why shud a Souldier (being the worlds right arme)
Be cut thus by the left ? (a Courtier ?)

The Noble Spanish, Souldier.

Is the world all Ruffe and Feather, and nothing else ? shall I never see a Taylor give his coat with a difference from a Gentleman ?

Enter King, Alanzo, Carlo, Cockadilio.

Kin. My Baltazar !

Let us make haste to meet thee : how art thou alter'd ?
Doe you not know him ?

Alanz. Yes, Sir, the brave Souldier
Employed against the Moores.

Kin. Halfe turn'd Moore !

Ple honour thee, reach him a chaire, that Table,
And now *Aeneas*-like let thine owne Trumpet
Sound forth thy battell with those slavish Moores.

Bal. My musicke is a Canon ; a pitcht field my stage ;
Furies the Actors, blood and vengeance the scane ; death
the story ; a sword imbrued with blood, the pen that writes,
and the Poet a terrible buskind Tragicall fellow, with a
wreath about his head of burning match instead of Bayes.

Kin. On to the Battaile.

Bal. 'Tis here without bloud-shed : This our maine
Battalia, that the Van, this the Vaw, these the wings, here
we fight, there they flye, here they insconce, and here our
sconces lay 17 Moones on the cold earth.

Kin. This satisfies mine eye, but now mine eare
Must have his musicke too ; describe the battaile.

Bal. The Battaile ? Am I come from doing to talking ?
The hardest part for a Souldier to play is to prate well ; our
Tongues are Fifes, Drums, Petronels, Muskets, Calverin
and Canon, these are our Roarers ; the Clockes which wee
goe by, are our hands ; thus wee reckon tenne, our swords
strike eleven, and when Steele targets of prooffe clatter one
against another, then 'tis noone, that's the height and the
heat of the day of battaile.

Kin. So.

Bal. To that heat we came, our Drums beat, Pikes were
shaken and shiver'd, swords and Targets clash'd and clat-
ter'd, Muskets rattled, Canons roar'd, men dyed groaning,
brave

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

brave laced Ierkings and Feathers looked pale, totter'd rascals fought pell mell ; here fell a wing, there heads were roft like foot-balls ; legs and armes quarrell'd in the ayre, and yet lay quietly on the earth ; horses trampled upon heaps of Carcaffes, Troopes of Carbines tumbled wounded from their horses ; we besiege Moores, and famine us, Mutinies bluster and are calme ; I vow'd not to doff mine Armour, tho my flesh were frozen too't and turn'd into Iron, nor to cut head nor beard till they yeelded ; my hayres and oath are of one length, for (with *Cesar*) thus write I mine owne story, *Veni, vidi, vici.*

Kin. A pitch'd field quickly fought : our hand is thine ;
And 'cause thou shalt not murmur that thy blood
Was lavish'd forth for an ingratefull man,
Demand what we can give thee, and 'tis thine.

Bal. Onely your love.

Kin. 'Tis thine, rise, Souldiers best accord
When wounds of wrongs are heal'd up by the sword.

Onelia beats at the doore.

One. Let me come in, I'll kill that treacherous King
The murderer of mine honour, let me come in.

Kin. What womans voyce is that ?

Omnes. *Medina's Neece.*

Kin. Bar out that fiend.

One. I'll tease him with my nayles,
Let me come in, let me come in, helpe, helpe me.

Kin. Keepe her from following me ; a gard.

Alanz. They are ready, Sir.

Kin. Let a quicke summons call our Lords together ;
This disease kills me.

Bal. Sir I would be private with you.

Kin. Forbeare us, but see the dores well guarded. *Exeunt*

Bal. Will you, Sir, promise to give mee freedom of speech ?

Kin. Yes I will, take it, speake any thing, 'tis pardon'd.

Bal. You are a whoremaster ; doe you send me to winne
Townes for you abroad, and you lose a kingdome at home ?

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Kin. What kingdome?

Bal. The fayrest in the world, the kingdome of your fame,
Your honour.

Kin. Wherein?

Bal. I'll be plaine with you; much mischiefe is done by
the mouth of a Canon, but the fire begins at a little touch-
hole; you heard what Nightingale sung to you even now.

Kin. Ha, ha, ha.

Bal. Angels err'd but once and fell, but you, Sir, spit in
heavens face every minute, and laugh at it: laugh still; fol-
low your courses; doe; let your vices runne like your Ken-
nels of hounds yelping after you, till they plucke downe the
fayrest head in the heard, everlasting blisse.

Kin. Any more?

Bal. Take sinne as the English snuffe Tobacco, and scorn-
fully blow the smoake in the eyes of heaven, the vapour
flies up in clouds of bravery; but when 'tis out, the coale is
blacke (your conscience,) and the pipe stinkes; a sea of
Rose-water cannot sweeten your corrupted besome.

Kin. Nay, spit thy venome.

Bal. 'Tis *Aqua Cælestis*, no venome; for when you shall
claspe up those two books, never to be open'd againe, when
by letting fall that Anchor, which can never more bee
weighed up, your mortall Navigation ends: then there's no
playing at spurne-point with thunderbolts. A Vintner then
for unconscionable reckoning, or a Taylor for unmeasura-
ble *Items* shall not answer in halfe that feare you must.

Kin. No more.

Bal. I will follow Truth at the heeles, tho her foot beat
my gums in peeces.

Kin. The Barber that drawes out a Lions tooth
Curseth his Trade; and so shalt thou.

Bal. I care not.

Kin. Because you have beaten a few base-borne Moores;
Me think'st thou to chastise? what's past I pardon,
Because I made the key to unlocke thy railing;
But if thou dar'st once more be so untun'd,

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

I'll send thee to the Gallies, who are without there :
How now ?

Enter Lords drawne.

Omnes. In danger, Sir ?

Kin. Yes, yes, I am ; but 'tis no point of weapon
Can rescue me ; goe presently and summon
All our chiefe Grandoes, Cardinals, and Lords
Of *Spaine* to meet in Counsell instantly :
We call'd you forth to execute a businesse
Of another straine, --- but 'tis no matter now
Thou dyest, when next thou furrowest up our brow.

Bal. So : dye !

Exit.

Enter Cardinall, Roderigo, Albia, Dania, Valasco.

Kin. I find my Scepter shaken by enchantments
Charactred in this parchment, which to unloose,
I'll practise onely counter-charmes of fire,
And blow the spels of lightning into smoake :
Fetch burning Tapers.

Exeunt.

Car. Give me Audience, Sir ;
My apprehension opens me a way
To a close fatall mischief, worse then this
You strive to murder ; O this Act of yours
Alone shall give your dangers life, which else
Can never grow to height ; doe, Sir, but read
A booke here claspt up, which too late you open'd,
Now blotted by you with foule marginall notes.

Kin. Art franticke ?

Car. You are so, Sir.

Kin. If I be,
Then here's my first mad fit.

Car. For Honours sake,
For love you beare to conscience. ---

Kin. Reach the flames :
Grandoes and Lords of *Spaine* be witnesse all
What here I cancell ; read, doe you know this bond ?

Omnes. Our hands are too't.

Dan. 'Tis your confirmed Contract

With

The Noble Spanish Souldier:

With my sad kinswoman : but wherefore, Sir,
Now is your rage on fire, in such a presence
To have it mourne in Ashes ?

Kin. Marquesse *Dania*,

Wee'll lend That tongue, when this no more can speake.

Car. Deare Sir !

Kin. I am deafe,

Playd the full consort of the Spheares unto me
Vpon their lowdest strings ---- so burne that witch
Who would dry up the tree of all Spaines Glories,
But that I purge her forceries by fire :
Troy lyes in Cinders ; let your Oracles
Now laugh at me if I have beene deceiv'd
By their ridiculous riddles : why (good father)
(Now you may freely chide) why was your zeale
Ready to burst in showres to quench our fury ?

Car. Fury indeed, you give it proper name :
What have you done ? clos'd up a festering wound
Which rots the heart : like a bad Surgeon,
Labouring to plucke out from your eye a moate,
You thrust the eye cleane out.

Kin. Th'art mad *extempore* :

What eye ? which is that wound ?

Car. That Scrowle, which now
You make the blacke Indenture of your lust,
Altho eat up in flames, is printed here,
In me, in him, in these, in all that saw it,
In all that ever did but heare 'twas yours :
That scold of the whole world (Fame) will anon
Raile with her thousand tongues at this poore shift
Which gives your sinne a flame greater than that
You lent the paper ; you to quench a wild fire,
Cast oyle upon it.

Kin. Oyle to blood shall turne,
I'll lose a limbe before the heart shall mourne.

Exeunt.

Manent Dania, Alba.

Den. Hee's mad with rage or joy.

Alba.

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Alb. With both ; with rage
To see his follies check'd, with fruitlesse joy
Because he hopes his Contract is cut off
Which Divine Iustice more exemplifies.

Enter Medina.

Med. Where's the King ?

Dan. Wrapt up in clouds of lightning.

Med. What has he done ? saw you the Contract torne?
As I did heare a minion sweare he threatned.

Alb. He tore it not, but burnt it.

Med. Openly !

Dan. And heaven with us to witnesse.

Mad. Well, that fire

Will prove a catching flame to burne his kingdome.

Alb. Meet and consult.

Med. No more, trust not the ayre
With our projections, let us all revenge
Wrongs done to our most hoble kinswoman ;
Action is honours language, swords are tongues,
Which both speake best, and best do right our wrongs. *Exit.*

Enter Onalia one way, Cornogo another.

Cor. Madam, theres a beare without to speak with you.

One. A Beare.

Cor. Its a Man all hairye, and thats as bad.

One. Who ist ?

Cor. Tis one Master Captaine *Baltazar.*

One. I doe not know that *Baltazar.*

Cor. He desires to see you : and if you love a water-spae
iel before he be shorne, see him.

One. Let him come in.

Enter Baltazar.

Cor. Hift ; a ducke, a ducke ; there she is, Sir.

Bal. A Souldiers good wish bleffe you Lady.

One. Good wishes are most welcome (sir) to me,
So many bad ones blast me.

Bal. Doe you not know me ?

One. I scarce know my selfe.

D

Bal.

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Bal. I ha beene at Tennis, Madam, with the King: I gave him 15 and all his faults, which is much, and now I come to tosse a ball with you.

One. I am bandyed too much up and downe a' ready.

Cor. Yes, shee has beene stricke under line, master Souldier.

Bal. I conceit you, dare you trust your selfe alone with me?

One. I have beene laden with such weights of wrong, That heavier cannot presse me: hence *Cornege*.

Cor. Hence *Cornege*? stay Captaine: when man and woman are put together, some egge of villany is sure to be fate upon.

Exit

Bal. What would you say to him should kill this man That hath you so dishonoured?

One. Oh I woo'd crowne him With thanks, praise, gold, and tender of my life.

Bal. Shall I bee that Germane Fencer, and beat all the knocking boyes before me? shall I kill him?

One. There's musick in the tongue that dares but speak it.

Bal. That Fiddle then is in me, this arme can doo't, by ponyard, poyson, or pistoll: but shall I doo't indeed?

One. One step to humane blisse is sweet revenge.

Bal. Stay; what made you love him?

One. His most goodly shape Married to royall vertues of his mind.

Bal. Yet now you would divorce all that goodnesse; and why? For a little lechery of revenge? it's a lye: the Burre that stickes in your throat is a throane; let him out of his messe of kingdomes; cut out but one, and lay Sicilia, Arragon, Naples, or any else upon your trencher, and you'll prayse Bastard for the sweetest wine in the world, and call for another quart of it: 'Tis not because the man has left you, but because you are uot the woman you would be, that mads you: A shee-cuckold is an untameable monster.

One. Monster of men thou art; thou bloody villaine, Traytor to him who never injur'd thee; Dost thou professe Armes? and art bound in honour

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

To stand up like a brazen wall to guard
Thy King and Country, and wood'st thou ruine both?

Bal. You spur me on too't.

One. True;

Worse am I then the horrid'st fiend in hell
To murder him whom once I lou'd too well:
For tho I could runne mad, and teare my haire,
And kill that godlesse man that turn'd me vile,
Though I am cheated by a perjurous Prince
Who has done wickednesse, at which even heauen
Shakes when the Sunne beholds it, O yet I'd rather
Ten thousand poyson'd ponyards stab'd my brest
Than one should touch his: bloody slave! I'le play
My selfe the Hangman, and will Butcher thee
If thou but prick'st his finger.

Bal. 'aist thou me so! give me thy goll, thou art a noble
gille; I did play the Devils part, and roare in a feigned
voyce, but I am the honestest Devill that ever spet fire: I
would not drinke that infernall draught of a Kings blood,
to goe reeling to damnation, for the weight of the world in
Diamonds.

One. Art thou not counterfeit?

Bal. Now by my skarres I am not.

One. I'le call thee honest Souldier then, and woo thee
To be an often Vifitant.

Bal. Your servant;

Yet must I be a stone upon a hill,
For tho I doe no good, I'le not lye still.

Exeunt

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Malatiste and the Queene.

Mal. **V**hen first you came from Florence, wud the
Had with an universal disce ecllipse (world

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Bin ouerwhelm'd, no more to gaze on day,
That you to Spaine had never found the way,
Here to be lost for ever.

Quee. We from one Climate
Drew inspiration : as thou then hast eyes
To read my wrongs, to be thy head an Engine
To raise up ponderous mischief to the height,
And then thy hands the Executioners :
A true Italian spirit is a ball
Of Wild-fire, hurting most when it seemes spent ;
Great ships on small rockes beating oft, are rent ;
And so let Spaine by us : but (*Malatesta*)
Why from the Presence did you single me
Into this Gallery ?

Mal. To shew you, Madam,
The picture of your selfe, but so defac'd,
And mangled by proud Spanyards, it woo'd whet
A sword to arme the poorest Florentine
In your just wrongs.

Quee. As how ? let's see that picture.

Mal. Here 'tis then : Time is not scarce foure dayes old,
Since I, and certaine Dons (sharp-witted fellows,
And of good ranke) were with two Iesuits
(Grave profound Schollers) in deepe argument
Of various propositions ; at the last,
Question was mov'd touching your marriage,
And the Kings precontract.

Quee. So ; and what followed ?

Mal. Whether it were a question mov'd by chance,
Or spitefully of purpose (I being there,
And your owne Country-man) I cannot tell,
But when much tossing
Had bandyed both the King and you, as pleas'd
Those that tooke up the Rackets ; in conclusion,
The Father Iesuits (to whose subtile Musicke
Every eare there was tyed) stood with their lives
In stiffe defence of this opinion —

The Noble Spanisb Souldier.

Oh pardon me if I must speake their language.

Quee. Say on.

Mal. That the most Catholike King in marrying you,
Keepes you but as his whore.

Quee. Are we their Theames?

Mal. And that *Medina's* Neece (*Onelia*)
Is his true wife : her bastard sonne they said
(The King being dead) should claim and weare the Crown ;
And whatloever children you shall beare,
To be but bastards in the highest degree,
As being begotten in Adultery.

Quee. We will not grieve at this, but with hot vengeance
Beat downe this armed mischief : *Malatesta* !
What whirlwinds can we raise to blow this storme
Backe in their faces who thus shoot at me ?

Mal. If I were fit to be your Counsellor,
Thus would I speake : Feigne that you are with childe ;
The mother of the Maids, and some worne Ladies,
Who oft have guilty beene to court great bellies,
May, tho it be not so, get you with childe
With swearing that 'tis true.

Quee. Say 'tis beleeu'd,
Or that it so doth prove ?

Mal. The joy thereof,
Together with these earth-quakes, which will shake
All paine, if they their Prince doe dis-inherit,
So borne, of such a Queene ; being onely daughter
To such a brave spirit as the Duke of Florence,
All this buzz'd into the King, he cannot chuse
But charge that all the Bels in Spaine eccho up
This Ioy to heaven ; that Bone-fires change the night
To a high Noone, with beames of sparkling flames ;
And that in Churches, Organs (charm'd with prayers)
Speake lowd for your most safe delivery.

Quee. What fruits grow out of these ?

Mal. These ; you must sticke
(As here and there spring weeds in banks of flowers)

The Noble Spanish Souldier:

Spies amongst the people, who shall lay their eares
To every mouth, and steale to you their whisperings.

Quee. So.

Mal. 'Tis a plummet to sound Spanish hearts
How deeply they are yours: besides, a ghesse
Is hereby made of any faction
That shall combeide against you; which the King seeing,
If then he will not rouze him like a Dragon
To guard his golden fleece, and rid his Harlot
And her base bastard hence, either by death,
Or in some traps of state, insnare them both,
Let his owne ruines crush him.

Quee. This goes to tryall:
Be thou my Magicke-booke, which reading o're
Their counterspels wee ll breake; or if the King
Will not by strong hand fix me in his Throne,
But that I must be held Spaines blazing Starre,
Be it an ominous charme to call up warre.

Exeunt.

Enter Coruego, Onelia.

Corn. Here's a parcell of mans flesh has beene hanging up
and downe all this morning to speake with you.

Ona. Is't not some executioner?

Cor. I see nothing about him to hang in but's garters.

Ona. Sent from the King to warne me of my death:
I prethe bid him welcome.

Cor. He sayes he is a Poet.

Ona. Then bid him better welcome:
Belike he's come to write my Epitaph,
Some scurvy thing I warrant; welcome Sir.

Enter Poet.

Poet. Madam, my love presents this booke unto you.

Ona. To me? I am not worthy of a line,
Vnlesse at that line hang some hooke to choake me:

To the Most honour'd Lady — *Onelia.*

Reads

Fellow thou lyest, I'me most dishonoured:
Thou shouldst have writ to the most wronged Lady.
The Title of this booke is not to me,

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

I teare it therefore as mine Honour's torne.

Cor. Your Verses are lam'd in some of their feet, Master Poet.

One. What does it treat of?

Poet. Of the solemne Triumphs
Set forth at Coronation of the Queene.

One. Hissing (the Poets whirle-wind) blast thy lines:
Com'st thou to mocke my Tortures with her Triumphs?

Poet. 'Las Madam!

One. When her funerals are past,
Crowne thou a Dedication to my joyes,
And thou shalt sweare each line a golden verse:
Cornejo, burne this Idoll.

Cor. Your booke shall come to light, Sir.

Exit.

One. I have read legends of disastrous Dames;
Will none set pen to paper for poore me?
Canst write a bitter Satyre? brainlesse people
Doe call 'em Libels: dar'st thou write a Libell?

Poet. I dare mix gall and poyson with my Inke.

One. Doe it then for me.

Poet. And every line must be
A whip to draw blood.

One. Better.

Poet. And to dare
The stab from him it touches: he that writes
Such Libels (as you call 'em) must lanch wide
The sores of mens corruptions, and even search
To'th quicke for dead flesh, or for rotten cores:
A Poets Inke can better cure some sores
Then Surgeons Balsum.

One. Vndertake that Cure,
And crowne thy verse with Bayes.

Poet. Madam I'll doo't:
But I must haue the parties Character.

One. The King.

Poet. I doe not love to plucke the quils
With which I make pens, out of a Lions clay:

The

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

The King ! shoo'd I be bitter 'gainst the King,
I shall have scurvy ballads made of me,
Sung to the Hanging Tune. I dare not, Madam.

One. This balenesse followes your profession :
You are like common Beadles, apt to lash
Almost to death poore wretches not worth striking,
But fawne with slavish flattery on damn'd vices,
So great men act them : you clap hands at those,
Where the true Poet indeed doth scorne to guild
A gawdy Tombe with glory of his Verte,
Which coffins stinking Carrion : no, his lines
Are free as his Invention ; no base feare
Can shake his penne to Temporize even with Kings,
The blacker are their crimes, he lowder sings.
Goe, goe, thou canst not write : 'tis but my calling
The Muses helpe, that I may be inspir'd :
Cannot a woman be a Poet, Sir ?

Poet. Yes, Madam, best of all ; for Poësie
Is but a feigning, feigning is to lye,
And women practise lying more than men.

One. Nay, but if I shoo'd write, I woo'd tell truth :
How might I reach a lofty straine ?

Poet. Thus, Madam :
Bookes, Musicke, Wine, brave Company, and good Cheere,
Make Poets to soare high, and sing most cleare.

One. Are they borne Poets ?

Poet. Yes.

One. Dye they ?

Poet. Oh never dye.

One. My misery is then a Poet sure,
For Time has given it an Eternity :
What sorts of Poets are there ?

Poet. Two sorts, Lady :
The great Poets, and the small Poets.

One. Great and small !

Which doe you call the great ? the fat ones ? (forth,

Poet. No : but such as have great heads, which emptied
Fill

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Fill all the world with wonder at their lines ;
Fellowes which swell bigge with the wind of praise ;
The small ones are but shrimpes of Poesie.

One. Which in the kingdome now is the best Poet ?

Poet. Emulation.

One. Which the next ?

Poet. Necessity.

One. And which the worst ?

Poet. Selfe-love.

One. Say I turne Poet, what should I get ?

Poet. Opinion.

One. 'Las I have got too much of that already ;

Opinion is my Evidence, Iudge, and Iury ;

Mine owne guilt, and opinion, now condemne me ;

I'll therefore be no Poet ; no, nor make

Ten Muses of your nine ; I sweare for this ;

Verses, tho freely borne, like slaves are sold,

I Crowne thy lines with Bayes, thy love with gold :

So fare thou well.

Poet. Our pen shall honour you.

Exit.

Enter Cornego.

Cor. The Poets booke, Madam, has got the Inflammation of the Livor, it dyed of a burning Feaver.

One. What shall I doe, *Cornego* ? for this Poet
Has fill'd me with a fury : I could write,
Strange Satyrs now against Adulterers,
And Marriage-breakers.

Cor. I beleeeve you, Madam ; —— but here comes your
Vncle.

Enter Medina, A' a 120, Carlo, Alba, Sebastian, Denis.

Med. Where's our Neece ?

Turne your braines round, and recollect your spirits,
And see your Noble friends and kinsmen ready
To pay revenge his due.

One. That word Revenge
Startles my sleepey Soule, now throughly wakend
By the fresh Object of my haplesse childe,

E

Whose

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Whose wrongs reach beyond mine.

Seb. How doth my sweet mother ?

One. How doth my prettiest boy ?

Alanz. Wrongs, like great whirlwinds,
Shake highest Battlements ; few for heaven woo'd care.
Shoo'd they be ever happy : they are halfe gods
Who both in good dayes, and good fortune share.

One. I have no part in either,

Carl. You shall in both,
Can Swords but cut the way.

One. I care not much, so you but gently strike him,
And that my Child escape the lightning.

Med. For that our Nerves are knit ; is there not here
A promising face of manly princely vertues,
And shall so sweet a plant be rooted out
By him that ought to fix it fast i'th ground ?

Sebastian, what will you doe to him that hurts your mother ?

Seb. The King my father shall kill him I trow.

Dan. But, sweet Coozen, the King loves not your mother.

Seb. I'll make him love her when I am a King.

Med. La you, there's in him a Kings heart already :
As therefore we before together vow'd,
Lay all your warlike hands upon my Sword,
And sweare.

Seb. Will you sweare to kill me, Vncle ?

Med. Oh not for twenty worlds.

Seb. Nay then draw and spare not, for I love fighting.

Med. Stand in the midst (sweet Cooz) we are your guard ;
These Hammers shall for thee beat out a Crowne
If all hit right ; sweare therefore (Noble friends)
By your high bloods, by true Nobility,
By what you owe Religion, owe to your Country,
Owe to the raising your posterity,
By love you beare to vertue, and to Armes,
(The shield of Innocence) sweare not to sheath
Your Swords, when once drawne forth.

One. Oh not to kill him

The Noble Spanish Soldier.

For twenty thousand worlds.

Med. (Will you be quiet?)

Your Swords when once drawne forth, till they ha forc'd
Yon godlesse, perjurous, perfidious man, —

One. Pray raile not at him so.

Med. Art mad? y'are idle: --- till they ha forc'd him
To cancell his late lawlesse bond he seal'd
At the high Altar to his Florentine Strumpet,
And in his bed lay this his troth-plight wife.

One. I, I, that's well; pray sweare.

Omnes. To this we sweare.

Seb. Vncle, I sweare too.

Med. Our forces let's unite, be bold and secret,
And Lion-like with open eyes let's sleepe,
Streames smooth and slowly running, are most deepe.

Exeunt.

Enter King, Queene, Malatesta, Valasco, Lopez.

Kin. The Presence doore be guarded; let none enter
On forfeit of your lives, without our knowledge:
Oh you are false Physitians all unto me,
You bring me poyson, but no Antidotes.

Quee. Your selfe that poyson brewes.

Kin. Prethe no more.

Quee. I will, I must speake more.

Kin. Thunder aloud.

Quee. My child, yet newly quickned in my wombe,
Is blasted with the fires of Bastardy.

Kin. Who! who dares once but thinke so in his dreame?

Mal. Medina's faction preach'd it openly.

Kin. Be curst he and his Faction: oh how I labour
For these preventions! but so crosse is Fate,
My ills are ne're hid from me, but their Cures:
What's to be done?

Quee. That which being left undone,
Your life lyes at the stake: let 'em be breathlesse
Both brat and mother.

Kin. Ha!

The Noble Spanisb Souldier.

Mal. She playes true Musicke, Sir :
The mitchiefes you are drench'd in are so full,
You need not feare to adde to 'em ; since now
No way is left to guard thy rest secure,
But by a meanes like this.

Lop. All Spaine rings forth
Medina's name, and his Confederates.

Rod. All his Allyes and friends rush into troopes
Like raging Torrents.

Val. And lowd Trumpet forth
Your perjuries : seducing the wild people,
And with rebellious faces threatning all.

Kin. I shall be massacred in this their spleene,
E're I have time to guard my selfe ; I feele
The fire already falling : where's our guard ?

Mal. Planted at Garden gate, with a strict charge
That none shall enter but by your command.

Kin. Let 'em be doubled : I am full of thoughts,
A thousand wheelles tosse my incertaine feares,
There is a storme in my hot boyling braines,
Which rises without wind, a horrid one :
What clamor's that ?

Quee. Some treason : guard the King.

Enter Baltazar drawne ; one of the Guard falls.

Bal. Not in ?

Mal. One of your guard's slaine, keepe off the murderer :

Bal. I am none, Sir.

Val. There's a man drop'd downe by thee.

Kin. Thou desperate fellow, thus presse in upon us !
Is murder all the story we shall read ?
What King can stand, when thus his Subjects bleed ?
What hast thou done ?

Bal. No hurt.

Kin. Plaid even the Wolfe,
And from a fold committed to my charge,
Stolne and devour'd one of the flocke.

Bal. Y'ave sheepe enow for all that, Sir ; I have kill'd
none

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

none tho ; or if I have, mine owne blood shed in your quarrels, may begge my pardon ; my businesse was in haste to you.

Kin. I woo'd not have thy sinne scoar'd on my head
For all the Indian Treasury : I prethe tell me,
Suppose thou hadst our pardon, O can that cure
Thy wounded conscience, can there my pardon helpe thee ?
Yet having deserv'd well both of Spaine and us,
We will not pay thy worth with losse of life,
But banish thee for ever.

Bal. For a Groomes death ?

Kin. No more : we banish thee our Court and kingdome :
A King that fosters men so dipt in blood,
May be call'd mercifull, but never good :
Be gone upon thy life.

Bal. Well : farewell.

Exit.

Val. The fellow is not dead but wounded, Sir.

Quee. After him, *Malateste* ; in our lodging
Stay that rough fellow, hee's the man shall doe't :
Haste, or my hopes are lost.

Exit Mal.

Why are you sad, Sir ?

Kin. For thee, *Paulina*, swell my troubled thoughts,
Like billowes beaten by too warring winds.

Quee. Be you but rul'd by me, I'll make a calme
Smooth as the brest of heaven.

Kin. Instruct me how.

Quee. You (as your fortunes tye you) are inclin'd
To have the blow given.

Kin. Where's the Instrument ?

Quee. 'Tis found in *Baltazar*.

Kin. Hee's banish'd.

Quee. True,
But it aid by me for this.

Kin. His spirit is hot
And rugged, but so honest, that his soule
Will ne're turne devill to doe it.

Quee. Put it to tryall :

The Noble Spanish Souldier:

Retire a little, hither I'll send for him,
Offer repeale and favours if he doe it;
But if deny, you have no finger in't,
And then his doome of banishment stands good.

Kin. Be happy in thy workings; I obey.

Exit

Quee. Stay *Lopez*.

Lop. Madam.

Quee. Step to our Lodging (*Lopez*)
And instantly bid *Malateste* bring
The banish'd *Baltazar* to us.

Lop. I shall.

Exit.

Quee. Thrive my blacke plots, the mischiefs I have set
Must not so dye; Ills must new Ills beget.

Enter Malateste and Baltazar.

Bal. Now! what hot poyson'd Custard must I put my
Spoon into now?

Quee. None, for mine honour now is thy protection.

Mal. Which, Noble Souldier, she will pawne for thee,
But never forfeit.

Bal. 'Tis a faire gage, keepe it.

Quee. Oh *Baltazar*! I am thy friend, and mark'd thee;
When the King sentenc'd thee to banishment
Fire sparkled from thine eyes of rage and griefe;
Rage to be doom'd so for a Groome so bate,
And griefe to lose thy County: thou hast kill'd none,
The Milke-sop is but wounded, thou art not banish'd.

Bal. If I were, I lose nothing, I can make any Country
mine: I have a private Coat for *Italian* Stecletto's, I can
be treacherous with the *Wallonne*, drunke with the *Dutch*,
a Chimney-sweeper with the *Irish*, a Gentleman with the
Welsh, and turne arrant theefe with the *English*, what then
is my Country to me?

Quee. The King (who rap'd with fury) banish'd thee,
Shall give thee favours, yeeld but to destroy
What him distempers.

Bal. So: And what's the dish I must dresse?

Quee. Onely the cutting off a paire of lives.

Bal.

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Bal. I love no Red-wine healths.

Mal. The King commands it, you are but Executioner.

Bal. The Hang-man? An office that will hold so long as hempe lasts, why doe not you begge the office, Sir?

Quee. Thy victories in field did never crowne thee
As this one Act shall.

Bal. Prove but that, 'tis done.

Quee. Follow him close, hee's yeelding.

Mal. Thou shalt be call'd thy Countries Patriot,
For quenching out a fire now newly kindling
In factious bolomes, and shalt thereby save
More Noble Spanyards lives, than thou slew'st Moores.

Quee. Art thou not yet converted?

Bal. No point.

Quee. Read me then:

Medina's Neece (by a Contract from the King)
Layes clayme to all that's mine, my Crowne, my bed;
A sonne she has by him must fill the Throne,
If her great faction can but worke that wonder:
Now heare me ---

Bal. I doe with gaping cares.

Quee. I swell with hopefull issue to the King.

Bal. A brave Don call you mother.

Mal. Of this danger
The feare afflicts the King.

Bal. Cannot much blame him.

Quee. If therefore by the riddance of this Dame ---

Bal. Riddance? oh! the meaning on't is murder.

Mal. Stab her, or so, that's all.

Quee. That Spaine be free from frights, the King from
And I, now held his Infamy, be called *Queene*, (feares)
The Treasure of the kingdom shall lye open
To pay thy Noble darings.

Bal. Come, I le don't, provided I heare *Jove* call to me
tho herores; I must have the Kings hand to this warrant
else I dare not serve it upon my Conscience.

Quee. Be firme then; behold the King is come.

Enter

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Enter King.

Bal. Acquaint him.

Quee. I found the mettall hard, but with oft beating
Hee s now so softned, he shall take impressiō
From any seale you give him.

Kin. *Baltazar*, come hither, listen; what soe're our *Queene*
Has importun'd thee to touching *Onalia*,
Neece to the Constable, and her young sonne,
My voyce shall second it, and signe her promise.

Bal. Their riddance?

Kin. That.

Bal. What way? by poyson?

Kin. So.

Bal. Starving? or strangling, stabbing, smothering?

Quee. Good.

Kin. Any way so 'tis done.

Bal. But I will have, Sir,

This under your owne hand, that you desire it,
You plot it, set me on too't.

Kin. Penne, Inke, and paper.

Bal. And then as large a pardon as law and wit
Can engrosse for me.

Kin. Thou shalt ha my pardon.

Bal. A word more, Sir, pray will you tell me one thing?

Kin. Yes any thing, deare *Baltazar*.

Bal. Suppose

I have your strongest pardon, can that cure
My wounded Conscience? can there your pardon help me?
you not onely knocke the Ewe a'th head, but cut the Inno-
cent Lambes throat too, yet you are no Butcher.

Quee. Is this thy promis'd yeelding to an Act
So wholesome for thy Country?

Kin. Chide him not.

Bal. I woo'd not have this sinne scor'd on my head
For all the Indæan Treasury.

Kin. That song no more:

Doe this and I will make thee a great man.

Bal.

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Bal. Is there no farther trick in't, but my blow, your purse, and my pardon?

Mal. No nets upon my life to entrap thee.

Bal. Then trust me: these knuckles worke it.

Kin. Farewell, be confident and sudden.

Bal. Yes:

Subjects may stumble, when Kings walke astray;

Thine Acts shall be a new Apocrypha.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Medina, Alba, and Dania, met by Baltazar]
with a Ponyard and a Pistoll.*

Bal. **Y**OU meet a *Hydra*; see, if one head failes
Another with a sulphurous beake stands yawning.

Med. What hath rais'd up this Devill?

Bal. A great mans vices, that can raise all hell.
What wou'd you call that man, who under-faile,
In a most goodly ship, wherein hee ventures
His life, fortunes, and honours, yet in a fury
Should hew the Mast downe, cast Sayles over-board,
Fire all the Tacklings, and to crowne this madnesse,
Shou'd blow up all the Deckes, burne th'oaken ribbes,
And in that Combat 'twixt two Elements
Leape desperately, and drowne himseife i'th Seas,
What were so brave a fellow?

Omnes. A brave blacke villaine.

Bal. That's I; all that brave blacke villaine dwels in me,
If I be that blacke villaine; but I am not,
A Nobler Character prints out my brow,
Which you may thus read, I was banish'd Spaine
For emptying a Court-Hoghead, but repeal'd,
So I wou'd (e're my reeking Iron was cold)
Promise to give it a deepe crimson dye

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

In --- none heare, --- stay --- no, none heare.

Med. Whom then?

Bal. Basely to stab a woman, your wrong'd Neece,
And her most innocent sonne *Sebastian*.

Alb. The Boare now foames with whetting.

Dan. What has blunted
Thy weapons point at these?

Bal. My honesty;

A signe at which few dwell: (pure honesty!)

I am a vasaile to *Measna's* house,

He taught me first the A, B, C, of warre:

E're I was Truncheon-high, I had the stile

Of beardless Captaine, writing then but boy,

And shall I now turne slave to him that fed me

With Cannon-bullets! and taught me, Estridge-like,

Todigest Iron and Steele! no: yet I yeelded

With willow-bendings to commanding breaths.

Med. Of whom?

Bal. Of King and Queene: with supple Hams,

And an ill-boading look, I vow'd to doo't:

Yet, lest some choake-peare of State-policy

Shoo'd stop my throat, and spoyle my drinking-pipe,

See (like his cloake) I hung at the Kings elbow,

Till I had got his hand to signe my life.

Dan. Shall we see this and sleepe?

Alb. No, whilst these wake.

Med. 'Tis the Kings hand.

Bal. Thinke you me a quoyner?

Med. No, no, thou art thy selfe still, Noble *Baltazar*,

I ever knew thee honest, and the marke

Stands still upon thy fore-head.

Bal. Else flea the skin off.

Med. I ever knew thee valiant, and to scorne

All acts of basenesse: I have scene this man

Write in the field such stories with his sword,

That our best Chiefetaines swore there was in him

As 'twere a new Philosophy of fighting,

The Noble Spanish Soldier.

His deeds were so Puntillious : In one battell,
When death so nearely mist my ribs, he strucke
Three horses stone-dead under me : This man,
Three times that day (even through the jawes of danger)
Redeem'd me up, and (I shall print it ever)
Stood o're my body with *Collossus* thighes,
Whilst all the Thunder-bolts which warre could throw,
Fell on his head : And *Baltazar*, thou canst not
Be now but honest still, and valiant still,
Not to kill boyes and women.

Bal. My Byter here, eats no such meat. (hither,

Med. Goe fetch the mark'd-out Larabe for slaughter
Good fellow-souldier ayd him, — and stay --- marke,
Give this false fire to the beleeving King,
That the child's sent to heaven, but that the mother
Stands rock'd so strong with friends, ten thousand billowes
Cannot once shake her.

Bal. This I'll doe.

Med. Away :

Yet one word more ; your Counsell, Noble friends ;
Harke *Baltazar*, becaule nor eyes nor tongues,
Shall by lowd Larums, that the poore boy liues,
Question thy false report, the child shall closely
Mantled in darknesse, forthwith be conveyed
To the Monastery of Saint *Paul*.

Omnes. Good.

Med. Dispatch then, be quicke.

Bal. As Lightning.

Exit.

Alb. This fellow is some Angell drop'd from heauen
To preserve Innocence.

Med. He is a wheele
Of swift and turbulent motion ; I have trusted him,
Yet will not hang on him too many plummets,
Lest with a headlong Cyre he ruines all :
In these State-consternations, when a kingdome
Stands tottering at the Center, out of suspicion
Safety growes often ; let us suspect this fellow,

The Noble Spanisb Souldier.

And that albeit he shew us the Kings hand,
It may be but a Tricke.

Dan. Your Lordship hits
A poyson'd nayle i'th head : this waxen fellow
(By the Kings hand so bribing him with gold) is set on
Perhaps is made his Creature, (skrews,
To turne round every way.

Med. Out of that feare
Will I beget truth : for my selfe in person
Will sound the Kings brest.

Carl. How 'your selfe in person ?

Alb. That's halfe the prize he gapcs for.

Med. I'll venture it,
And come off well I warrant you, and rip up
His very entrailes, cut in two his heart,
And search each corner in't, yet shall not he
Know who it is cuts up th' Anatomy.

Dan. 'Tis an exploit worth wonder.

Carl. Put the worst,
Say some Internall voyce shoo'd rore from hell,
The Infant's cloystering up.

Alb. 'Tis not our danger,
Nor the imprison'd Prince's, for what Theefe
Dares by base sacrilege rob the Church of him ?

Carl. At worst none can be lost but this slight fellow ?

Med. All build on this as on a stable Cube ;
If we our footing keepe, we fetch him forth,
And Crowne him King ; if up we flye i'th ayre,
We for his soules health a broad way prepare.

Dan. They come.

Enter Baltazar and Sebastian.

Med. Thou knowst where
To bestow him, *Baltazar.*

Bal. Come Moble Boy.

Alb. Hide him from being discovered.

Bal. Discover'd ? woo'd there stood a troope of Moores
Thrusting the pawes of hungry Lions forth,

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

To seize this prey, and this but in my hand,
I should doe something.

Seb. Must I goe with this blacke fellow, Vncle?

Med. Yes, pretty Coz, hence with him, *Baltazar.*

Bal. Sweet child, within few minutes I'll change thy fate
And take thee hence, but set thee at heavens gate. *Exeunt*

Med. Some keepe aloofe and watch this Souldier.

Carl. I'll doo't.

Dan. What's to be done now?

Med. First to plant strong guard
About the mother, then into some snare
To hunt this spotted Panther, and there kill him.

Dan. What snares have we can hold him?

Med. Be that care mine;
Dangers (like Starres) in darke attempts best shine.

Exeunt.

Enter Cornego, Baltazar.

Cor. The Lady *Onelia* dresseth the stead of her commendations in the most Courtly Attire that words can be cloth'd with, from her selfe to you, by me.

Bal. So Sir; and what disease troubles her now?

Cor. The Kings Evill; and here she hath sent something to you wrap'd up in a white sheet, you need not feare to open it, tis no coarfe.

Bal. What's here? a letter minc'd into five morsels?
What was she doing when thou camst from her?

Cor. At her pricke-song.

Bal. Some thinks, for here's nothing but sol-Re-me-fa-mi:
What Crochet fills her head now, canst tell?

Cor. No Crochets, 'tis onely the Cliffe has made her mad.

Bal. What Instrument playd she upon?

Cor. A wind instrument, she did nothing but sigh.

Bal. Sol, Re, me, Fa, Mi.

Cor. My wit has alwayes had a singing head, I have found out her Note Captaine.

The Noble Spanish Souldier;

Bal. The tune? come.

Cor. Sol, my foule; re, is all rent and torne like a ragga-muffin; me, mend it good Captaine; fa, fa, whats fa Captaine?

Bal. Fa, why farewell and be hang'd.

Cor. Mi, Captaine, with all my heart; haue I tickled my Ladies Fiddle well?

Bal. Oh but your sticke wants Rozen to make the strings sound clearely: no, this double Virginall, being cunningly touch'd, another manner of Iacke leaps up then is now in mine eye: Sol, Re, me, fa, mi, I have it now, *Solus Rex me facit miseram*: Alas poore Lady, tell her no Potheccary in Spaine has any of that *Assa fetida* she writes for.

Cor. *Assa fetida*? what s that?

Bal. A thing to be taken in a glister-pipe.

Cor. Why what ayles my Lady?

Bal. What ayles she? why when she cryes out, *Solus Rex me facit miseram*, she sayes in the Hypocronicall language, that she is so miserably tormented with the wind-Chollicke that it rackes her very soule.

Cor. I said somewhat cut her soule in peeces.

Bal. But goe to her, and say the Oven is heating.

Cor. And what shall be bak'd in t?

Bal. Carpe pyes: and besides, tell her the hole in her Coat shall be mended: and tell her if the Dyall of good dayes goe true, why then bounce Buckrum.

Cor. The Divell lyes sicke of the Mulligrubs.

Bal. Or the Cony is dub'd, and three sheepskins

Cor. With the wrong side outward

Bal. Shall make the Fox a Night-cap.

Cor. So the Goose talkes French to the Buzzard.

Bal. But, Sir, it evill dayes jastle our prognostication to the wall, then say there's a fire in a Whore-masters Cod-peece.

Cor. And a poyson'd Bagge-pudding in Tom Thumbs belly.

Bal,

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Bal. The first cut be thine : farewell.

Cor. Is this all ?

Bal. Woo't not trust an Almanacke ?

Cor. Nor a Coranta neither, tho it were seal'd with Butter, and yet I know where they both lye passing well.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. The King sends round about the Court to seek you.

Bal. Away Otterhound.

Cor. Dancing Beare, I'me gone.

Exit.

Enter King attended.

Exeunt omnes.

Kin. A private roome,
Is't done ? hast drawne thy two-edg'd sword out yet ?

Bal. No, I was striking at the two Iron Barres that hinder your passage, and see Sir.

Drawes.

Kin. What meanst thou ?

Bal. The edge abated, feele.

Kin. No, no, I see it.

Bal. As blunt as Ignorance.

Kin. How ? put up -- So -- how ?

Bal. I saw by chance hanging in Cardinall *Alvarez* Gallery a picture of hell.

Kin. So, what of that ?

Bal. There lay upon burnt straw ten thousand brave fellows all starke naked, some leaning upon Crownes, some on Miters, some on bags of gold : Glory in another Corner lay like a feather beaten in the raine ; Beauty was turn'd into a watching Candle, that went out stinking : Ambition went upon a huge high paire of stilts, but horribly rotten ; some in another nooke were killing Kings, and some having their elbowes shov'd forward by Kings to murder others ; I was (me thought) halfe in hell my selfe whilst I stood to view this peece.

Kin. Was this all ?

Bal. Was't not enough to see that a man is more healthfull that eats dirty puddings, than he that feeds on a corrupted Conscience.

Kin.

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Kin. Conscience! what's that? a Conjuring booke ne're
Without the readers danger: 'tis indeed (open'd
A leare-crow set i'th world to fright weake fooles:
Hast thou seene fields pay'd o're with carkasses,
Now to be tender-footed, not to tread
On a boyes mangled quarters, and a womans!

Bal. Nay, Sir, I have search'd the records of the Low-
Countrie; and finde that by your pardon I need not care a
pinne for Goblins, and therefore I will doe't Sir. I did but re-
coyle because I was double charg'd.

Kin. No more, here comes a Satyre with sharpe hornes.

Enter Cardinall, and Medina like a French

Doctor.

Car. Sir here's a Frenchman charg'd with some strange
Which to your close eare onely hee'll deliver, (businesse
Or else to none.

Kin. A Frenchman?

Med. We Mounfire.

Kin. Cannot he speake the Spanish?

Med. Si Signior, vr Poco: — Monsir Acontez in de
Corner, me come for offer to your Bon grace mi trezhumbla
service, by gar no Iohn fiddleco shall put into your neare
braver Melody dan dis vn petite pipe shall play upon to your
great bon Grace.

Kin. What is the tune you'll strike up, touch the string.

Med. Dis; me ha run up and downe mane Countrie, and
learne many fine ting, and mush knavery, now more and all
dis, me know you ha jumbla de fine vench and fill her belly
wid a Garsoone, her name is le Madame —

Kin. Onalia.

Med. She by gar: Now Monfire, dis Madam send for
me to helpe her Malady, being very naught of her corpes
(her body) me know you no point love a dis vensh; but
royall Monfire donne Moye ten tow sand Frensh Croownes
she shall kicke up her taile by gar, and beshide lye dead as
dog in de shannell.

Kin.

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Kin. Speake low.

Med. As de bagge-pipe when de winde is puff, Gar
beigh.

Kin. Thou nam'st ten thousand Crownes, I'll treble them

Rid me but of this leprosie : thy name ?

Med. Monfire Do for *Deuile*.

Kin. Shall I a second wheele adde to this mischief
To set it faster going ? if one breake,
Th'other may keepe his motion.

Med. Effient fort boone.

Kin. *Baltazar*,

To give thy Sword an edge againe, this French-man
Shall whet thee on, that if thy pistoll faile,
Or ponyard, this can send the poyson home.

Bal. Brother *Car* wee'll shake hands.

Med. In de bowle of de bloody busher : tis very fine
wholesome.

Kin. And more to arme your resolution,
I'll tune this Churchman so, that he shall chime
In sounds harmonious, Merit to that man
Whose hand has but a finger in that act.

Bal. That musicke were worth hearing.

Kin. Holy Father,

You must give pardon to me in unlocking
A Cave stufte full with Serpents, which my State
Threaten to poyson, and it lyes in you
To breake their bed with thunder of your voyce.

Car. How Princely sonne ?

Kin. Suppose an universall

Hot Pestilence beat her mortiferous wings
O're all my kingdome, am not I bound in soule
To empty all our Achademes of Doctors,
And Æsculapian spirits to charme this plague ?

Car. You are.

Kin. Or had the Canon made a breach
Into our rich Escuriall, downe to beat it

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

About our eares, shoo'd I to stop this breach
Spare even our richest Ornaments, nay, our Crowne,
Could it keepe bullets off.

Car. No Sir, you should not.

Kin. This Linstocke gives you fire: shall then that strumpet
And bastard breathe quicke vengeance in my face;
Making my kingdome reele, my subjects stagger
In their obedience, and yet live?

Car. How? live!

Shed not their bloods to gaine a kingdome greater
Thentent times this.

Med. Pishe, not mattera how Red-cap and his wit run.

Kin. As I am Catholike King, I'll have their hearts,
Panting in these two hands.

Car. Dare you turne Hang-man?

Is this Religion Catholike to kill
What even bruit beasts abhorre to doe, (your owne!)
To cut in sunder wedlockes sacred knot
Tyed by heavens fingers! to make Spaine a Bonfire,
To quench which must a second Deluge raine
In showres of blood, no water; If you doe this,
There is an Arme Armipotent that can fling you
Into a base grave, and your Pallaces
With Lightning strike, and of their Ruines make
A Tombe for you (unpitied, and abhorr'd:)
Beare witnesse all you Lamps Cœlestiall
I wash my hands of this.

kneeling.

Kin. Rise my good Angell,
Who'e holy tunes beat from me that evill spirit
Which jogs mine Elbow, hence thou dog of hell.

Med. Baw wawghe.

Kin. Barke out no more thou Mastiffe, get you all gone,
And let my soule sleepe: there's gold, peace, see it done.

Exit.

Manent Medina, Baltazar, Cardinall.

Bal. Sirra, you Salsa-Perilla Rascall, Toads-guts, you
whorson

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Whorson pockey French Spawne of a bursten-bellyed Spyder, doe you heare, Monsieur.

Med. Why doe you barke and snap at my Narcissus, as if I were de Frenshe doag?

Bal. You Curre of *erberus* litter *strikes him.*
You'll poyson the honest Lady? doe but once toot into her Chamber-pot, and I'll make thee looke worse then a witch does upon a close-stoole.

Car. You shall not dare to touch him, stood he here Single before thee.

Bal. I'll cut the Rat into Anchovies.

Car. I'll make thee kisse his hand, imbrace him, love him And call him ----- *Medina discovers.*

Bal. The perfection of all Spanyards. Mars in little, the best booke of the art of Warre printed in these Times: as a French Doctor I wou'd have given you pellets for pills, but as my noblest Lord, rip my heart out in your service.

Med. Thou art the truest Clocke
That e're to time paidst tribute, (honest Souldier)
I lost mine owne shape, and put on a French,
Onely to try thy truth, and the Kings falshood,
Both which I find: now this great Spanish volume
Is open'd to me, I read him o're and o're,
Oh what blacke Characters are printed in him.

Car. Nothing but certaine ruine threat your Neece,
Without prevention: well, this plot was laid
In such disguise to sound him, they that know
How to meet dangers, are the lesse afraid;
Yet let me counsell you not to text downe
These wrongs in red lines.

Med. No, I will not, father;
Now that I have Anatomiz'd his thoughts,
I'll read a lecture on 'em that shall save
Many mens lives, and to the kingdome minister
Most whole some Surgery; here's our Aphorisme;
These letters from us in our Neeces name,

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

You know treat of a marriage,

Car. There's the strong Anchor
To stay all in this tempest.

Med. Holy Sir,
With these worke you the King, and so prevaile,
That all these mischiefs *Hull* with Flagging saile,

Car. My best in this I'll doe.

Med. Souldier, thy brest
I must locke better things in.

Bal. 'Tis your chest,
With 3 good keyes to keep it from opening, an honest hart,
a daring hand, and a pocket which scornes mony. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus, Scœna Prima.

Enter King, Cardinall with letters.

Kin. **C**OMmend us to *Medina*, say his letters
Right pleasing are, and that (except himselfe)
Nothing could be more welcome: counsell him
(To blot the opinion out of factious numbers)
Onely to have his ordinary traine
Waiting upon him: for, to quit all feares
Vpon his side of us, our very Court
Shall even but dimly shine with some few Dons,
Freely to prove our longings great to peace.

Car. The Constable expects some pawne from you,
That in this Fairy circle shall rise up
No Fury to confound his Neece nor him.

Kin. A Kings word is engag'd.

Car. It shall be taken.

Kin. *Valasco*, call the Captaine of our Guard,
Bid him attend us instantly.

Val. I shall.

Exit.

Kin.

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Kin. *Lopez* come hither : see
Letters from *Duke Medina*, both in the name
Of him and all his Faction, offering peace,
And our old love (his Neece) *Onelia*
In marriage with her free and faire consent
To *Cockadillia*, a *Don* of Spaine.

Lop. Will you refuse this ?

Kin. My Crowne as soone: they feele their sinowy plots
Belike to shrinke i'th joynts ; and fearing Ruine,
Have found this Cement out to piece up all,
Which more endangers all.

Lop. How Sir ! endangers !

Kin. Lyons may hunted be into the snare,
But if they once breake loose, woe be to him
That first seiz'd on 'em. A poore prisoner scornes
To kisse his Iaylor ; and shall a King be choak'd
With sweet-meats, by false Traytors ! no, I will fawne
On them, as they stroake me, till they are fast
But in this paw : And then.

Lop. A brave revenge.

The Captaine of your Guard.

Enter Captaine.

Kin. Vpon thy life
Double our Guard this day : let every man
Beare a charg'd Pistoll, hid ; and at a watch-word
Given by a Musket, when our selfe sees Time,
Rush in ; and if *Medina's* Faction wrastle
Against your forces, kill ; but if yeeld, save :
Be secret.

Alanz. I am charm'd, Sir.

Exit.

Kin. Watch, *Valasco*,
If any weare a Crosse, Feather, or Glove,
Or such prodigious signes of a knit Faction,
Table their names up : at our Court-gate plant
Good strength to barre them out, if once they swarme :
Doe this vpon thy life.

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Val. Not death shall fright me.

Exeunt.

Enter Baltazar.

Bal. 'Tis done, Sir.

Kin. Death! what's done?

Bal. Young Cub's flayd,
But the shee-Fox shifting her hole is fled;
The little Iackanapes the boy's braind.

Kin. *Sebastian?*

Bal. He shall ne're speake more Spanish.

Kin. Thou teachest me to curse thee.

Bal. For a bargaine you set your hand to.

Kin. Halfe my Crowne I'd lose, were it undone.

Bal. But halfe a Crowne! that's nothing:
His braines sticke in my conscience more than yours.

Kin. How lost I the French Doctor?

Bal. As French-men lose their haire: here was too hot
staying for him.

Kin. Get thou too from my sight, the Queen wu'd see thee!

Bal. Your gold, Sir.

Kin. Go with *Judas* and repent.

Bal. So men hate whores after lusts heat is spent:
I'm gone, Sir.

Kin. Tell me true, is he dead?

Bal. Dead.

Kin. No matter; tis but morning of revenge,
The Sun-let shall be red and Tragicall.

Exit.

Bal. Sinne is a Raven creaking her owne fall.

Exit.

*Enter Medina, Denia, Alba, Carlo, and the Faction with
Rosemary in their hats.*

Med. Keepe lock'd the doore, and let none enter to us
But who shares in our fortunes.

Dan. Locke the dores.

Alb. What entertainment did the King bestow
Vpon your letters and the Cardinals?

Med. With a devouring eye he read 'em o're,
Swallowing our offers into his empty bosome,

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

As gladly as the parched earth drinks healths
Out of the cup of heaven.

Carl. Little suspecting
What dangers closely lye enambush'd.

Dan. Let not us trust to that ; there's in his brest
Both Fox and Lion, and both those beasts can bite :
We must not now behold the narrowest loope-hole,
But presently suspect a winged bullet
Flies whizzing by our eares.

Med. For when I let
The plummet fall to sound his very soule
In his close-chamber, being French-Doctor like,
He to the Cardinals eare sung forcerous notes,
The burthen of his song, to mine, was death,
Onelia's inurder, and *Sebastians* ;
And thinke you his voyce alters now ? 'tis strange,
To see how brave this Tyrant shewes in Court,
Throan'd like a god : great men are petty starres,
Where his rayes shine, wonder fills up all eyes
By sight of him, let him but once checke sinne,
About him round all cry, oh excellent King !
Oh Saint-like man ! but let this King retire
Into his Closet to put off his robes,
He like a Player leaves his part off too ;
Open his brest, and with a Sunne-beame search it,
There's no such man ; this King of gilded clay,
Within is uglinessse, lust, treachery,
And a base soule, tho reard *Collossus*-high.

Baltazar beats to come in.

Dan. None till he speakes, and that we know his voyce :
Who are you ?

Within Bal. An honest house-keeper in *Rosemary-lane* too,
If you dwell in the same parish.

Med. Oh tis our honest Souldier, give him entrance.

Enter Baltazar.

Bal. Men show like coarces, for I meet few but are stuck
with *Rosemary* : every one ask'd mee who was married to
day.

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

day, and I told 'em Adultery and Repentance, and that shame and a Hangman followed 'em to Church.

Med. There's but two parts to play, shame has done hers,
But execution must close up the Scene,
And for that cause these sprigs are worne by all,
Badges of Marriage, now of Funerall,
For death this day turnes Courtier.

Bal. Who must dance with him?

Med. The King, and all that are our opposites:
That dart or This must flye into the Court
Either to shoot this blazing starre from Spaine,
Or else so long to wrap him up in clouds,
Till all the fatall fires in him burne out,
Leaving his State and conscience cleere from doubt
Of following uprores.

Alb. Kill not, but surprize him.

Carl. Thats my voyce still.

Med. Thine, Souldier.

Bal. Oh this Collicke of a kingdome, when the wind of treason gets amongst the small guts, what a rumbling and a roaring it keepes: and yet make the best of it you can, it goes out stinking: kill a King?

Den. Why?

Bal. If men should pull the Sun out of heaven every time 'tis ecclips'd, not all the Wax nor Tallow in Spaine wou'd serve to make us Candles for one ycare.

Med. No way to purge the sicke State, but by opening a vaine.

Bal. Is that your French Physicke? if every one of us shoo'd be whip'd according to our faults, to be lasht at a carts taile would be held but a flea-biting.

Enter Signeor No: whispers Medina.

Med. What are you? come you from the King?

No. No.

Bal. No? mere no's? I know him, let him enter.

Med. Signeor, I thanke your kind Intelligence;
The newes long since was sent into our eares,

Yes

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Yet we embrace your love, so fare you well.

Carl. Will you smell to a sprig of Rosemary?

No. *No.*

Bal. Will you be hang'd?

No. *No.*

Bal. This is either Signior *No.*, or no Signior.

Med. He makes his love to us a warning-peece
To arme our selves against we come to Court,
Because the guard is doubled.

Omnes. Tush, we care not.

Bal. If any here armes his hand to cut off the head, let
him first plucke out my throat: in any Noble Act I le wade
chin-deepe with you: but to kill a King?

Med. No, heare me——

Bal. You were better, my Lord, saile 500 times to *Bantom*
in the West-Indies, than once to *Barathrum* in the Low-
Countries: It's hot going under the line there, the Callen-
ture of the soule is a most miserable madnesse.

Med. Turne then this wheele of Fate from shedding blood
Till with her owne hand Iustice weyes all.

Bal. Good.

Exeunt.

Enter Queene, Malatesta.

Quee. Must then his Trul be once more sphear'd in Court
To triumph in my spoyles, in my ecclipses?
And I like moaping *Iuno* sit, whilst *Iove*
Varies his lust into five hundred shapes
To steale to his whores bed! no, *Malatesta*,
Italian fires of Iealousie burne my marrow;
For to delude my hopes, the lecherous King
Cuts out this robe of cunhing marriage,
To cover his Incontinence, which flames
Hot (as my fury) in his blacke desires:
I am swolne big with child of vengeance now,
And till deliver'd, feele the throws of hell.

Mal. Iust is your Indignation, high, and Noble,
And the brave heat of a true Florentine;
For Spaine Trumpets abroad her Interest

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

In the Kings heart, and with a blacke cole drawes
On every wall your scoff'd at injuries,
As one that has the refuse of her sheets,
And the sicke Autumne of the weakned King,
Where she drunke pleasures up in the full spring.

Quee. That (*Malateste*) That, That Torrent wracks me;
But *Hymens* Torch (held downe-ward) shall drop out,
And for it, the mad Furies swing their brands
About the Bride-chamber.

Mal. The Priest that joynes them,
Our Twin-borne malediction.

Quee. Lowd may it speake.

Mal. The herbs and flowers to strew the wedding way,
Be Cypresse, Eugh, cold Colliquintida.

Quee. Henbane and Poppey, and that magicall weed
Which Hags at midnight watch to catch the seed.

Mal. To these our execrations, and what mischief
Hell can but hatch in a distracted braine,
I le be the Executioner, tho it looke
So harrid it can fright e'ne murder backe.

Quee. Poyson his whor e to day, for thou shalt wait
On the Kings Cup, and when heated with wine
He calls to drinke the Brides health, Marry her
Aliue to a gaping grave.

Mal. At board?

Quee. At board.

Mal. When she being guarded round about with friends,
Like a faire Iland, hem'd with Rockes and Seas,
What rescue shall I find?

Quee. Mine armes: dost faint?
Stood all the Pyrennan hills that part
Spaine and our Country, on each others shoulders,
Burning with *Aetnean* flame, yet then shouldst in,
As being my Steele of resolution,
First striking sparkles from my fainty brest:
Wert thou to catch the hories of the Sunne
Fast by their bridles, and to turne backe day,

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Wood'st thou not doo't (base coward) to make way
To the Italians second blisse (revenge.)

Mal. Were my bones threatned to the wheele of torture
I'le doo't.

Enter Lopez.

Quee. A Ravens voyce, and it likes me well.

Lop. The King expects your presence.

Mal. So, so, we come
To turne this Brides day to a day of doome. *Exeunt.*

A Banquet set out, Cornets sounding; Enter at one dore Lopez, Valasco, Alanzo, No: after them King, Cardinall, with Don Cockadillio Bridegroome, Queene and Malateste after. At the other dore Alba, Carlo, Roderigo, Medina and Dania leading Onelia as Bride, Cornego and Iuanna after, Bartazar alone, Bride and Bridegroome kisse, and by the Cardinall are joyn'd hand in hand: King is very merry, hugging Medina very lovingly.

Kin. For halfe Spaines weight in Ingots I'de not lose
This little man to day.

Med. Nor for so much

Twice told, Sir, would I misse your kingly presence;
Mine eyes have lost th'acquaintance of your face
So long, and I so (little) late read o're
That Index of the royall booke your mind,
That scarce (without your Comment) can I tell
When in those leaves you turne o're smiles or frownes.

Kin. 'Tis dimnest of your sight, no fault i'th letter;
Medina, you shall find that free from Errata's:
And for a prooffe,

If I could breath my heart in welcomes forth,
This Hall should ring naught else; welcome *Medina,*
Good *Marquesse Dania,* Dons of Spaine all welcome:
My dearest love and *Queene,* be it your place
To entertaine the Bride, and doe her grace.

Quee. With all the love I can, whose fire is such,

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

To give her heat, I cannot burue too mnch.

Kin. Contracted Bride, and Bridegroom sit,
Sweet flowres not pluck'd in season, lose their scent,
So will our pleasures ; Father Cardiuall,
Me thinkes this morning new-begins our reigne.

Car. Peace had her Sabbath ne're till now in Spaine.

Kin. Where is our Noble Souldier *Baltazar* ?
So close in conference with that Signior ?

No. No.

Kin. What thinkst thou of this great day, *Baltazar* ?

Bal. Of this day ? why as of a new play, if it ends well,
all's well ; all men are but Actors, now if you being the
King, should be out of your part, or the Queene out of hers,
or your Dons out of theirs, here's No wil never be cut of his.

No. No.

Bal. 'Twere a lamentable peece of stusse to see great
Statesmen have vile Exits ; but I hope there are nothing but
plaudities in all your eyes.

Kin. Mine I protest are free.

Quee. And mine by heaven.

Mal. Free from one good looke till the blow be given.

Kin. Wine ; a full Cup crown'd to *Medina's* health.

Med. Your Highnesse this day so much honors me,
That I to pay you what I truly owe,
My life shall venture for it.

Den. So shall mine.

Kin. *Onelia*, you are sad : why frownes your brow ?

One. A foolish memory of my past ills
Folds up my looke in furrowes of old care,
But my heart's merry, Sir.

Kin. Which mirth to heighten,
Your Bridegroom and your selfe first pledge this health
Which we begin to our high Constable.

Three Cups fill : 1. to the King. 2. to the Bridegroom.
3. to *Onelia*, with whom the King complements.

Quee. Is it speeding ?

Mal. As all our Spanish figs are.

Kin.

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Kin. Here's to *Medina's* heart with all my heart.

Med. My hart shal pledge your hart i'th deepest draught
That ever Spanyard dranke.

Kin. *Medina* mockes me,
Because I wrong her with the largest Bowle :
I'll change with thee, *Onelia*;

Mal. rages.

Quee. Sir you shall not.

Kin. Feare you I cannot fetch it off?

Quee. *Malateffe!*

Kin. This is your scorne to her, because I am doing
This poorest honour to her : Musicke sound,
It goes were it ten fadoms to the ground.

Cornets. King drinks, Queen and Mal. storms.

Mal. Fate strikes with the wrong weapon.

Quee. Sweet royall Sir no more, it is too deepe.

Mal. Twill hurt your health sir.

Kin. Interrupt me in my drinke : tis off.

Mal. Alas sir ;

You have drunke your last, that poyson'd bowle I fill'd
Not to be put into your hand, but hers.

Kin. Poyson'd?

Omnes. Descend blacke speckled soule to hell. *kit Mal.*

Mal. The Queene has sent me thither. *dyes...*

Card. What new furie shakes now her snakes locks.

Quee. I, I, tis I ;

Whole soule is torne in peeces, till I send
This Hatlot home.

Car. More murders ! save the Lady.

Balt. Rampant ? let the Constable make a mittimus.

Med. Keepe 'em asunder.

Car. How is it, royall sonne ?

Kin. I feele no poyson yet, onely mine eyes
Are putting out their lights : me thinks I feele
Deaths icy fingers stroking downe my face ; and now
I'me in a mortall cold sweat.

Quee. Deare my Lord.

Kin. Hence, call in my Physicians.

The Noble Spanish Souldier:

Med. Thy Physician, Tyrant,
Dwels yonder, call on him or none.

Kin. Bloody *Medina*, stab'st thou *Brutus* too?

Den. As hee is, so are we all.

Kin. I burne,
My braines boyle in a Caldron, O one drop
Of water now to coole me.

Ona. Oh let him have Physicians.

Med. Keepe her backe.

Kin. Physicians for my soule, I need none else;
You'll not deny me those: oh holy Father,
Is there no mercy hovering in a cloud
For me a miserable King to drench'd
In perjury and murder?

Car. Oh sir great store.

Kin. Come downe, come quickly downe.

Car. I'll forthwith send
For a grave Fryer to be your Confessor.

Kin. Doe, doe.

Car. And he shall cure your wounded soule:
Fetch him good Souldier.

Bal. So good a worke I'll hasten.

Kin. *Onalia*! oh shee's drown'd in teares! *Onalia*,
Let me not dye unpardoned at thy hands.

Enter Baltazar, Sebastian as a Fryer, with others.

Car. Here comes a better Surgeon.

Seb. Haile my good Sonne,
I come to be thy ghostly Father.

Kin. Ha? my child 'tis my *Sebastian*, or some spirit
Sent in his shape to fright me.

Bal. 'Tis no goblin, sir, feele; your owne flesh and blood,
and much younger than you tho he be bald, and calls you son;
had I bin as ready to ha cut his sheeps throat, as you were to
send him to the shambles, he had bleated no more; there's
lesse chalke upon you score of sinnes by these round o'es.

Kin. Oh my dul soule looke up, thou art somewhat lighter,
Noble *Medina*, see *Sebastian* lives:

Onalia

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

Onelia cease to weepe, *Sebastian* livea;
Fetch me my Crowne : my sweetest pretty Fryer,
Can my hands doo't, I leaue thee one step higher;
Th'ast beene in heavens house all this while sweet boy.

Seb. I had but courte cheere.

Kin. Thou couldst ne re fare better :
Religious houses are those hyves, where Bees
Make honey for mens soules : I tell thee, Boy,
A Fryery is a Cube, which strongly stands,
Fashioned by men, supported by heavens hands :
Orders of holy Priest-hood are as high
I'th eyes of Angels, as a Kings dignity !
Both these unto a Crowne give the full weight,
And both are thine : you that our Contract know,
See how I seale it with this Marriage ;
My blessing and Spaines kingdome both be thine.

Omnes. Long live *Sebastian*.

One. Doff that Fryers courle gray ;
And since hee's crown'd a King, clothe him like one.

Kin. Oh no : those are right 'overaigne Ornaments' ;
Had I beene, cloth'd so, I had never fill'd
~~Spaines Chronicle with my blacke Calumny :~~
My worke is almost finish'd : where's my Queene ?

Quee. Here peece-meale torne by Furies.

Kin. *Onelia* !

Your hand *Paulina* too, *Onelia* yours :
This hand (the pledge of my twice broken faith)
By you usurp'd is her Inheritance ;
My love is turn'd, see as my fate is turn'd,
Thus they to day laugh, yesterday which mourn'd :
I pardon thee my death ; let her be sent
Backe into Florence with a trebled dowry ;
Death comes : oh now I see what late I fear'd !
A Contract broke, tho piec'd up ne're so well,
Heaven sees, earth suffers, but it ends in hell.

One. Oh I could dye with him.

Quee. Since the bright spheare

moritur.

The Noble Spanish Souldier.

I mov'd in falls, alas what make I here? *Exit.*

Med. The hammers of black mischief now cease beating,
Yet some Irons still are beating: you, Sir Bridegroom,
(Set all this while up as a marke to shoot at)
We here discharge you of your bed-fellow,
Shée loves no Barbarus washing.

Cock. My Balls are sav'd then.

Med. Be it your charge, to please you reverend Sir,
To see the late Queene safely sent to Florence:
My Neece *Onalia*, and that trusty Souldier,
We doe appoint to guarp the Infant King:
Other distractions, Time must reconcile;
The State is poyson'd like a Crocodile. *Exeunt*

FINIS.

